L'ALLEGRO,

ED 1486 a a 19

IL PENSEROSO.

AND

DRYDEN's SONG for St. *Cecilia*'s Day.

Milton [L'A. & P. - Adaptations]

Set to Musick by Mr. *HANDEL.*

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57
MAR

L'ALLEGRO,

ED

IL PENSEROSO.

PART the FIRST.

Accomp. RECITATIVE.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE! loathed Melancholy,
Of *Cerberus*, and blackeſt Midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn,
'Mongſt horrid Shapes, and Shrieks, and Sights unholy!
Find out ſome uncouth Cell,
Where brooding Darkneſs ſpreads his jealous Wings,
And the Night-raven ſings:
There, under Ebon Shades and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* Deſart ever dwell.

Accomp. RECIT.

Il. Pen. Hence! vain deluding Joys,
Dwell in ſome idle Brain,
And Fancies fond with gaudy Shapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay Motes that people the Sun-beams;
Or likeſt hovering Dreams,
The fickle Penſioners of *Morpheus'* Train.

AIR.

L'All. *Come, thou Goddeſs, fair and free,*
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphroſyne,
And by Men Heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus *at a Birth,*
With two Siſter-graces more,
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus *bore.*

AIR.

Il Pen. *Come rather, Goddeſs, ſage and holy;*
Hail, divineſt Melancholy!
Whoſe Saintly Viſage is too bright
To hit the Senſe of Human Sight:
Thee bright-hair'd Veſta, *long of Yore,*
To ſolitary Saturn *bore.*

AIR.

L'All. *Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee*
Jeſt, and youthful Jollity;
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's *Cheek,*
And love to live in Dimple ſleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt, and youthful Jollity;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.

AIR.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantaſtick Toe.

CHORUS.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantaſtick Toe.

Accomp. RECIT.

Il Pen. Come, penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure;
All in a Robe of darkeſt Grain,
Flowing with majeſtick Train.

AIR.

Come, but keep thy wonted State,
With even Step, and muſing Gait;
And Looks commercing with the Skies,
Thy rapt Soul ſitting in thine Eyes:

CHORUS.

Join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft' with Gods doth diet.

RECIT.

L'All. Hence loathed *Melancholy!*
In dark *Cimmerian* Deſart ever dwell:
But haſte thee, *Mirth*, and bring with thee
The Mountain-nymph, ſweet *Liberty.*

RECIT.

RECIT.

And, if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

AIR.

Mirth, *admit me of thy Crew,*
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved Pleaſures free;
To hear the Lark begin his Flight,
And, ſinging, ſtartle the dull Night,
Then to come, in 'ſpite of Sorrow,
And at my Window bid Good-morrow.

RECIT.

Il Pen. Firſt, and chief, on Golden Wing,
The Cherub *Contemplation* bring;
And the mute *Silence* hiſt along,
'Leſs *Philomel* will deign a Song,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt Plight,
Smoothing the rugged Brow of Night.

AIR.

Sweet Bird, that ſhun'ſt the Noiſe of Folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, Chauntreſs, oft' the Woods among
I woo, to hear thy Even-ſong;
Or, miſſing thee, I walk unſeen,
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven Green,
To behold the wand'ring Moon
Riding near her higheſt Noon.

RECIT.

L' *All.* If I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

AIR.

Mirth, *admit me of thy Crew,*
To liſten how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouze the ſlumb'ring Morn,
From the Side of ſome hoar Hill,
Thro' the high Wood echoing ſhrill.

AIR.

Pen. *Oft', on a Plat of riſing Ground,*
I hear the far-off Curfeu ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd Shore,
Swinging ſlow, with ſullen Roar:
Or, if the Air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed Place will fit,
Where glowing Embers, through the Room,
Teach Light to counterfeit a Gloom.

AIR.

Far from all Reſort of Mirth
Save the Cricket on the Hearth,
Or the Bellman's drowſy Charm,
To bleſs the Doors from nightly Harm.

RECIT.

L' *All.* If I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

AIR.

AIR.

Let me wander, nor unſeen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green.
There the Plowman, near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd Land;
And the Milk-maid ſingeth blithe;
And the Mower whets his Scythe;
And every Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn, in the Dale.

AIR.

Or let the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocund Rebecks ſound
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd Shade;

CHORUS.

And Young and Old come forth to play,
On a Sunſhine Holiday,
'Till the live-long Day-light fail.
Thus paſs'd the Day, to Bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring Winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.

The End of the Firſt Part.

PART the SECOND.

Accomp. *RECITATIVE.*

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE! vain deluding Joys,
The Brood of Folly, without Father bred;
How little you beſtead,
Or fill the fixed Mind with all your Toys!
O! let my Lamp, at Midnight Hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely Tow'r,
Where I may oft' outwatch the *Bear*
With thrice-great *Hermes*, or unſphere
The Spirit of *Plato*, to unfold
What Worlds, or what vaſt Regions, hold
Th' immortal Mind that hath forſook
Her Manſion in this fleſhly Nook.

AIR.

But O! ſad Virgin, that thy Power
Might raiſe Muſæus *from his Bower;*
Or bid the Soul of Orpheus *ſing*
Such Notes as, warbled to the String,
Drew Iron Tears down Pluto's *Cheek,*
And made Hell grant what Love did ſeek.

RECIT.

Thus, Night, oft' ſee me in thy pale Career,
'Till unwelcome Morn appear.

RECIT.

L'All. Populous Cities pleaſe me then,
And the buſy Humm of Men.

CHORUS.

Populous Cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy Humm of Men;
Where Throngs of Knights, and Barons bold,
In Weeds of Peace high Triumph hold;
With Store of Ladies, whoſe bright Eyes
Rain Influence, and judge the Prize
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace whom all commend.

AIR.

There let Hymen *oft' appear*
In Saffron Robe, with Taper clear,
And Pomp, and Feaſt, and Revelry,
With Maſque, and antique Pageantry;
Such Sights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer-eves, by haunted Stream.

Accomp. *RECIT.*

Il Pen. Me, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring Beams, me, Goddeſs, bring
To arched Walks of Twilight Groves,
And Shadows brown, that *Sylvan* loves:
There, in cloſe Covert, by ſome Brook,
Where no profaner Eye may look,

AIR.

Hide me from Day's gariſh Eye,
While the Bee, with honey'd Thigh,
Which at her flow'ry Work doth ſing,
And the Waters, murmuring

With

With ſuch Concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep:
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious Dream
Wave at his Wings, in airy Stream
Of lively Portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my Eyelids laid.
Then, as I wake, ſweet Muſick breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome Spirit to Mortal's Good,
Or th' unſeen Genius of the Wood.

AIR.

L'All. *I'll to the well-trod Stage anon,*
If Johnſon's *learned Sock be on;*
Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, *Fancy's Child,*
Warble his native Wood-notes wild.

RECIT.

Il Pen. But let my due Feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious Cloyſter's Pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antique Pillar's maſſy Proof,
And ſtory'd Windows, richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious Light.

CHORUS.

There let the pealing Organ blow
To the full-voic'd Choir below,
In Service high and Anthem clear;

SOLO.

And let their Sweetneſs, through mine Ear,
Diſſolve me into Extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine Eyes.

AIR.

AIR.

L'All. *Straight mine Eyes have caught new Pleaſures,*
While the Landſcape round it meaſures
Ruſſet Lawns and Fallows grey,
Where the nibbling Flocks do ſtray.

Accomp. RECIT.

Mountains on whoſe barren Breaſt
The lab'ring Clouds do often reſt,
Meadows trim with Daiſies pied,
Shallow Brooks and Rivers wide,
Tow'rs and Battlements it ſees,
Boſom'd high in tufted Trees.

AIR.

Orpheus' *ſelf may heave his Head*
From Golden Slumber on a Bed
Of heap'd Elyſian Flow'rs, and hear
Such Strains as would have won the Ear
Of Pluto, *to have quite ſet free*
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

AIR.

And ever, againſt eating Cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian *Airs*;
Sooth me with immortal Verſe,
Such as the meeting Soul may pierce,
In Notes with many a winding Bout
Of linked Sweetneſs long drawn out;
With wanton Heed and giddy cunning,
The melting Voice thro' Mazes running,
Untwiſting all the Chains that tie
The hidden Soul of Harmony.

AIR.

AIR.

These Delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, *with thee I mean to live.*

CHORUS.

These Delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, *with thee we mean to live.*

FINIS.

A SONG for St. *Cecilia*'s Day.

ACCOMP. RECIT.

FROM Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony,
This univerſal Frame began.
When Nature underneath a Heap
Of jarring Atoms lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Ariſe, ye more than dead!
Then Cold, and Hot, and Moiſt, and Dry,
In Order to their Stations leap,
And MUSICK's Pow'r obey.

CHORUS.

From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony,
This univerſal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony,
Through all the Compaſs of the Notes, it ran,
The *Diapaſon* cloſing full in Man.

AIR I.

What Paſſion cannot Muſick *raiſe and quell!*
When JUBAL *ſtruck the corded Shell,*
His liſt'ning Brethren ſtood around,
And, wond'ring, on their Faces fell
To worſhip that Celeſtial Sound.
Leſs than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the Hollow of that Shell
That ſpoke ſo ſweetly, and ſo well.
What Paſſion cannot Muſick *raiſe and quell!*

AIR

AIR II. and CHORUS.

The Trumpet's *loud Clangor*
Excites us to Arms,
With ſhrill Notes of Anger,
And mortal Alarms.
The double, double, double Beat
Of the thund'ring Drum
Cries, Hark! the Foes come;
Charge! charge! 'tis too late to retreat.

AIR III.

The ſoft complaining Flute
In dying Notes diſcovers
The Woes of hopeleſs Lovers,
Whoſe Dirge is whiſper'd by the warbling Lute.

AIR IV.

Sharp Violins *proclaim*
Their jealous Pangs and Deſperation,
Fury, frantick Indignation,
Depth of Pains, and Height of Paſſion,
For the fair diſdainful Dame.

AIR V.

But, oh! what Art can teach,
What human Voice can reach,
The Sacred Organ's *Praiſe?*
Notes inſpiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly Ways
To join the Choirs above.

AIR.

AIR VI.

ORPHEUS *could lead the ſavage Race;*
And Trees, unrooted, left their Place,
Sequacious of the Lyre.

RECIT. ACCOMP.

But bright CECILIA rais'd the Wonder high'r:
When to the *Organ* Vocal Breath was giv'n,
An Angel heard, and ſtraight appear'd,
Miſtaking Earth for Heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the Pow'r of ſacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And ſung the Great Creator's Praiſe
To all the Bleſs'd above;
So, when the laſt and dreadful Hour
The crumbling Pageant ſhall devour,
The *Trumpet* ſhall be heard on high,
The Dead ſhall live, the Living die,
And MUSICK ſhall untune the Sky.

ADDITIONAL CHORUS.

Your Voices tune, and raiſe them high,
'Till th' echo from the vaulted Sky
The bleſt CECILIA's Name;
Muſick to Heav'n and her we owe,
The greateſt Bleſſing that's below;
Sound loudly then her Fame!
Let's imitate her Notes above;
And may this Ev'ning ever prove
Sacred to Harmony and Love!

FINIS.